

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME L Published Every Thursday at 99 Ft. Washington Ave. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1921. Subscription Price, \$2 a year NUMBER 32

Entered as second class matter January 6, 1880, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. "There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature." Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 19, 1918

When Love Comes In

Have you ever watched the sunshine
As it peeped in through your door?
Have you watched it so advancing
As it steals across the floor?
Have you seen it search the corners
Pointing in a joyous light,
Changing all your dull surroundings
To a haven of delight?

Have you watched its soft caressing
As the cloud its curtain cast,
Break into a Haven's blessing
"Is it clean?" not "Does it pay?"
This must be the sunshine's message,
Shining its brightness searching out,
To a heart of molten gold?

This you've seen? Then read the message.
Wear it uppers of pomp and pride,
Soon the sunshine will overtake you,
Lighten corners you would hide;
Love will come and overwhelm you
With its brightness searching out,
To a heart of molten gold?

For your palm a shaft of sunlight,
Keep it with you all the day,
Shine it on your thought and action,
"Is it clean?" not "Does it pay?"
This must be the sunshine's message,
Judge your motives, lose or win,
You will read the answer rightly
When the light of love comes in.
—F. G. Thomas.

THE BLUE NOSE

By George C. Lane.

After three days of zero weather and a northwest gale, work was resumed on the breakwater for the new harbor at Keelpoint. The decrepit steam lighters and the ancient schooners that had outlived their usefulness in other service had done good work since the job had begun in the fall. At half tide you could already see the big stone barrier stretching for half a mile from Sandy Point.

The wind had hauled round to the southwest, and when the lighter Hercules arrived from Blake's Quarry with her first cargo since the storm, a strong ground swell was hampering the work somewhat. Moreover, the icy coating on these rocks that showed above the water made the task of discharging the big, rough blocks of granite and dropping them into place more than ordinarily difficult.

McDougall, a brawny young Nova Scotian, awkward but as strong as two ordinary men, had been stationed on the breakwater to direct the dumping of the big stones as the derrick on the lighter swung them toward him. To steady the big stones at the end of the swaying derrick cable and at the same time to keep his footing on the slippery rocks was no easy job—a fact that Jim Divine, who bawled his orders from the deck of the Hercules, did not realize.

In transferring the stones from the lighter to the breakwater they used an endless chain, with three rings linked in at equal intervals. One of the rings they slipped over the cable hook; the other two were equipped with dogs, which they inserted in holes that had been drilled at opposite sides of the big rock had been lowered into place and the strain on the chain was released, the dogs fell out.

Twice, as a big block of granite swung toward McDougall, he missed his hold on it.

"Get aboard, you Bluenoser!" shouted Divine. "I'll have a go at it myself."

"You're welcome to the job!" cried McDougall. "It will give you an idea that it's no cinch to keep your feet, that it will!"

"None of your gab!" Divine shot back at him.

McDougall then came aboard, and the two men exchanged places without more words. Ever since McDougall had begun work at the breakwater two months before, Divine had seemed never to let a chance to find fault with him go by. If it had not been that the foreman entertained a wholesome respect for the big Nova Scotian's strength of arm and depth of chest, they probably would have come to blows.

With a powerful grip Divine checked the swaying of the big stone. "Ease away!" he shouted. With a splash the rock disappeared beneath the surface of the water and found a firm resting place among the other rocks of the barrier.

"Another, and be quick about it!" Divine shouted as the boom swung back over the deck of the lighter. "That's one up for'd, you thick Bluenoser, and don't be all day about it!"

With flushed face, McDougall inserted the dogs in the holes and held them until the chain grew taut.

The stout derrick groaned and squeaked as the big rock swung clear of the deck and out over the breakwater toward Divine, who waited with outstretched arms to steady it as it descended toward the water.

At that moment the lighter rose in the heave of the ground swell and the stone evaded Divine's grasp.

"Let it come!" he shouted impatiently.

At the stone dropped and for an instant rested insecurely on one of the slanting slabs of granite, he reached for it, lost his footing on the icy rocks and fell headlong into fifteen feet of water. Simultaneously the stone slid from the edge of the breakwater and disappeared. As Divine plunged downward, his shoulder struck the derrick cable; he stretched out his hands frantically, but missed, and sank from sight.

The crew of the Hercules waited in silence for the foreman to come to the surface. Half a minute passed, and there was no sign of him. In the next heave of the ground swell the cable swung loose and nearly clear of the water.

"The chain's off!" shouted McDougall. "The rock must have slipped down and got him!"

Without another second of delay the Nova Scotian jumped overboard and swam quickly to the breakwater. He caught a glimpse of Divine several feet below the surface in the clear water, stroking desperately with both arms.

Taking a big breath, McDougall dived. Divine's predicament was plain to him the next moment. The big rock held the foreman pinned down; both of his legs were caught beneath it.

As McDougall swam closer he made the mistake of getting within reach of the drowning man's arms, and the next instant he felt himself clutched in a grip of steel. He struggled furiously to free himself, but he could not break the foreman's desperate hold. Minute after minute—or so it seemed to McDougall—he fought to wrench himself loose.

But even while he struggled to free himself, he was desperately turning over in his mind plans for saving Divine. If he could get a hold on the rock with the chain, he thought, there would be a chance of hoisting the terrible weight in time to save the man's life. But there was not an instant to lose. With a sudden, powerful twist, McDougall succeeded at last in breaking Divine's grip, and rose, gasping, to the surface.

"Ease away a couple of fathom!" he shouted hoarsely, and seized the chain that still hung from the swaying derrick cable.

As the engineer responded to the order, McDougall, holding the loop of the chain with one hand, dived. But he stroked cautiously, for he did not wish to get into Divine's grip again.

He soon realized, however, that he had nothing more to fear from the foreman. Divine had ceased to struggle and was swaying, helpless and unconscious, in the heave of the ground swell.

Owing the bright sunlight overhead and to the clearness of the icy water, McDougall, once his eyes had become accustomed to the water, could see distinctly. A brief look told him that he could not make use of the dogs, since one of the holes in the rock was now underneath, where he could not reach it. He succeeded, however, in passing the doubled length of chain beneath the rock.

The numbing coldness of the water and his long immersion had begun to tell on him. His heart thumped painfully against his chest, and he felt that he could not stay many seconds longer under the water. He was tempted to give up and come to the surface, but resolved to make one more attempt to slip the loop of the chain over the lower cable hook.

Was there enough chain to go round rock? Holding to the hook with one hand, he pulled on the chain with the other. It lacked six inches yet of meeting. He strained still harder, and the next moment succeeded in pulling it nearer. As last he slipped the loop over the end of the hook.

Rising to the surface, he tried to shout for the men on the Hercules to hoist; but he was too much exhausted to utter a sound. He

waved feebly with one arm and at last made the engineer understand. The derrick cable began slowly to ascend.

Taking hold of the cable, McDougall pulled himself once more under the water. The chain had not slipped; he could see the rock lifting slowly as the cable grew taut. With arms that seemed as heavy as lead, he pulled himself still farther downward and reached out for the unconscious foreman; but he was too late. In the surge of the ground swell Divine's body, freed from the grip that had held his legs, swept swiftly past, three feet beyond McDougall's reach!

In frantic alarm the young Nova Scotian stroked pluckily downward, determined now more than ever not to give up. He knew that he was nearing the limit of his endurance, but he kept grimly on. The water all round him seemed to darken. Was he to fail now, after all?

The body of the foreman, still moving swiftly in the grip of the ground swell, became less distinct. McDougall realized in alarm that he was losing sight of it entirely. With prodigious effort he tried to increase his pace, but it seemed of no use—it was more than he could do.

In spite of the increasing load that seemed to drag at his arms, he managed to take another stroke, and still another. The water grew yet blacker before his aching eyes. Almost exhausted, he once more stroked feebly, half blindly, forward. His hand touched the foreman's reefer! Clutching it frantically, McDougall struggled upward, and a moment later came to the surface within a few feet of the lighter. Divine was a dead weight in his arms; but he managed to keep afloat with his burden until the men threw him a line. A moment later they hauled him on board.

In half an hour they succeeded in bringing Divine back to consciousness; meanwhile, the lighter Hercules was steaming back to the wharf. One of the foreman's feet was painfully crushed; but the doctor promised to have him walking again in a few months.

"I guess I sized you up wrong," was Divine's greeting when the Nova Scotian stopped in for a moment that evening to see him.

It was as much of an apology and word of thanks as anyone could have expected from gruff Divine, but it meant much. It was on Divine's recommendation that McDougall was later appointed to the position of foreman.

John Paul Jones was born January 1, 1747, in the southwestern part of Scotland not far from the sea. Like many boys who live near the ocean, he loved the sea and wished to become a sailor. At twelve years of age his father took him to Whitehaven, a large town on Solway Firth, a bay on the west coast of England.

Paul was apprenticed to a merchant to learn how to be a sailor. He worked for ten years in the ships belonging to this merchant. While he was a youth he was a cabin boy on the ship. As he grew older and bigger, he learned how to climb the ropes up the masts and how to furl and unfurl the sails. He had to work in all kinds of weather: when it was warm and sunny; when it rained and when the wind blew hard, making the ship rock; when it was cold and snowing and his fingers would almost freeze. So he became a strong man, and was not afraid of work or of danger. During the ten years he made many voyages from Whitehaven out on the Irish Sea and across the Atlantic Ocean to the cities in North America, from Newfoundland down to South America.

At the age of twenty-four Jones set out from Whitehaven for the West Indies. He went to Tobago Island, a hundred miles north of the mouth of the Orinoco River in South America. He went to work trading, buying things from England to sell to the people and sending molasses, tropical fruits and sugar, to sell in England. He lived there four years and made quite a bit of money.

In 1774 Jones left Tobago Island and sailed to the English Colonies in America. He had an older brother who was a farmer in Virginia. The next year war broke out between the Americans and the British in Boston. Jones went to see the Congress which was then meeting in Philadelphia. He offered himself to Congress and asked to be made an officer and to be given a ship to fight the British. They made him a lieutenant and gave him seven ships armed with cannon. His flag was made of yellow silk with a rattlesnake coiled up and the motto, "Don't tread on me."

He sailed down to the Bahama Islands and soon captured two British vessels. Then he sailed to Nassau, the capital of the islands, took the governor prisoner and carried away nearly a hundred cannon and a great deal of ammunition. On the way home to New York he captured two more British vessels. Soon he went out again and in a month and a half he captured sixteen prizes. Eight of them he burned, and brought the other eight back to New York. At another time he captured a ship having on board a company of British soldiers and ten thousand suits of clothes.

On June 14, 1777, Congress adopted a new flag for the United Colonies. On July 4, 1776, Congress had declared the Independence of America from England. So of course we needed a new flag. It had thirteen red and white stripes, and in the left upper corner was a field of blue, and a circle of thirteen white stars. On the same day Congress voted to appoint Captain Paul Jones as commander of a new ship, the Ranger.

Before leaving America he got one of the new flags and sailed for Brest, France, arriving there in February, 1778. As he sailed into the harbor with his new flag flying at the mast, the French fired their cannon and lowered their flags in salute to the new American flag. Benjamin Franklin was in Paris, France, at that time and in just a week had made a treaty with King Louis of France that the latter should help the Americans against the British. Capt. Jones brought the news of the American victory at the battle of Saratoga.

Jones soon set out from Brest to make a trip all around England. He sailed into a great many British ports, destroying ships and carrying away cannon and ammunition. He sailed up the Irish Sea between England and Ireland to the town of Whitehaven. He was familiar with the whole place, as he had sailed in and out of the Solway Firth for ten years. He sailed first to the Isle of Man, an island in the Irish Sea, and waited till night to go over to Whitehaven, fifty miles away. He anchored two or three miles away from the town, and at midnight he took thirty-one men in two boats and they rowed in the darkness to the wharf of Whitehaven. A light wind was blowing and hindered him, so that it was just beginning to get a little light when they reached the pier.

There were three or four hundred ships in the harbor, and Jones' plan was to burn them all before the British could stop him. There were two forts on the shore with their cannon pointing out on the bay. He must be careful or the soldiers there would fire at his boats. So he rowed to one fort, climbed up the wall and got inside. The sentinels were nowhere in sight. They had just gone to the guard house. Quickly Jones and his men spiked the big cannon so that they could not be fired. Then they went to the other fort and spiked the cannon there. Next they went down to the guard house and caught the British soldiers there by surprise, taking them all prisoners and leading them to the wharf.

Now they were ready to set fire to the ships. He had sent one boat to the north side of the harbor to begin work there, but they soon came back, saying that their light had burned out. Jones had no light either. So he sent one of his men to a house nearby for a light. He soon returned with one and the boats separated again to begin their work of destruction. Ten minutes later Jones had lighted a barrel of fat in the steerage of one of the ships, which was surrounded by a hundred and fifty others. The ships all lay high and dry out of the water as the tide had just receded. Soon the fire was burning through the deck of the ship and the flames

were licking the masts, sails and ropes. Some one in town had seen the smoke and ran through the streets yelling: "Fire! Fire! The ships are on fire!" Hundreds of people rushed down to the shore to put out the fire. Jones stood on the wharf near the burning ship with a pistol in his hand and ordered the crowd to keep back. No one dared to come near the little group of Americans.

After the sun was up an hour high, Jones ordered his men to get in the boats. He released all his prisoners except three, and they rowed away to their ship. Then the British yelled, "To the forts!" and rushed up to fire the cannons at the retreating Americans. It was in vain. All the thirty cannon had been spiked.

They ran down the shore and found one or two dismounted cannon lying on the beach. Others brought down ship guns and began firing at the boats, now some distance away. The cannon balls fell short of the boats and splashed in the water. The Americans only laughed and fired off their pistols in the air in derision. The British could not hit the American boats and could not chase them as their ships were all stuck on the sand. So the people began to throw water on the burning vessels to put out the fire, confining it to a few ships.

The English became so alarmed that they sent out a war ship called the Drake to capture Jones and make him a prisoner. The two ships, the Ranger and the Drake, met in the Irish Sea and fought a hard battle more than an hour, and the Americans beat the British and took the Drake and two hundred British prisoners to Brest, France. In every country of Europe the people were talking about and praising John Paul Jones.

Some American men in Paris, France, promised to give Jones a larger ship. Capt. Jones went to Lorient, a seaport of France, and waited for them to send him the money to buy the ship. At last he went to Paris himself and got the money. Then he returned and bought a large ship having forty cannon. He painted out the name and named it Bon Homme Richard. He had about four hundred men as sailors from almost every country in Europe. He sailed up the Irish Sea, around the north coast of Scotland, and then south on the North Sea along the east coast of England.

In the evening one day in September, 1779, Jones in his Bon Homme Richard met the British ship, Serapis. They were off the shore from the town of Flamborough. The Serapis tried to escape, although it was a larger and better ship than the Bon Homme Richard. Crowds of people lined the shore watching the two ships to see the fight. Jones chased the Serapis and made it stop and fight.

Night came on and the full moon came up. Silently the two ships hoisted their flags, the British flag and the new American flag. Soon they began to fire their cannon. The balls flew through the rigging of the vessels. It seemed like a storm of thunder and lightning, except there was no rain. They came nearer and nearer until the two ships touched side by side. Jones gave the order to lash the two ships together with ropes. Now the fight is hard to hand with pistols, pikes and cutlasses.

The air is filled with the boom of cannon, the sharp crack of pistols, the orders of officers, the yells of the men, and the groans of the wounded and dying. Both ships caught fire three times, but the fires were each time put out. The battle raged for three or four hours. Finally Captain Pearson of the Serapis lowered his flag. The battle was over and the sailors on the Bon Homme Richard yelled in their delight.

The two captains met and the proud English Captain handed his sword to the brave Yankee commander as a sign of defeat. Jones took the sword as a sign of his victory and handed it back again.

The Bon Homme Richard was full of holes, the water was pouring in and the ship was sinking. Accordingly Jones took all his men on board the Serapis. In a few hours the American vessel went down in the deep sea, carrying with it the bodies of the dead. Jones then sailed to a port in Holland.

Captain Jones fought for the

Americans all through the Revolutionary War and then went to Russia to fight against the Turks on the Black Sea. In 1792, Jones broke down in health and died at the early age of forty five. He had fought twenty four naval battles and was first of the great ocean heroes of our country.

Indian Poet and Rider Deaf and Dumb.

White Eagle, the Sioux Indian rider and poet, is in town. Hear ye all and marvel, for it is no small thing that White Eagle, son of Horse Chief Eagle of the Doughty Sioux, has done. And let not Red Bird, faithful and tough-thewed cayuse of White Eagle be forgotten in the telling. White Eagle is deaf. White Eagle is dumb. But notwithstanding these handicaps White Eagle has trekked from Custer Battlefield in Montana to the Wild East, using only a judicious combination of Red Bird and railroad service. And White Eagle has never missed a train.

This silent son of the Sioux is a true scout. He bears a message on this—"the biggest trip of my life" he calls it. He bears a message for the widow of Gen. George A. Custer. Another letter he carries is dated "Sheridan, Wyoming, May 5th, 1921," and signed by W. D. Fisher, secretary of the Custer Battlefield Hiway Association," and addressed to "Elizabeth B. Custer, 71 East Eighty-seventh Street, New York City."

"Dear Mrs. Custer," says the letter, "this will introduce to you White Eagle, the Indian rider and poet, who started from the battlefield and rode Red Bird, his pony, to Omaha. White Eagle has gone through many hardships to make the trip, and is now traveling on the train to New York and other points. He has been of great help to the Custer Battlefield Hiway Association, and any courtesy you can show him will be very much appreciated by the writer."

White Eagle said it was a lot easier to mount a bucking bronco than to get aboard one of these New York electric elevators, but just the same he was enjoying himself, and not a bit concerned with the sensation he aroused when he walked down Broadway in a buckskin suit, with leather fringes, black sateen shirt, and broad, black sombrero. Beneath the flopping brim of the hat, people on Broadway saw not a savage, copper colored face, but a good-humored, quiet countenance, set off with gold rimmed glasses.

White Eagle is perhaps the only man who has ever seen Luisa Tetrazzini, the prima donna, trip lightly about in the abandon of a dance. He says he has. Well, of course, he is deaf and dumb, but let him tell it in his own words, as he wrote it today.

"Whom have you met on your trip East?" he was asked.

"In Chicago Michael Flaherty, president of the Good Roads Congress," he wrote on a pad of paper; "also the editors of numerous periodicals and magazines. In Omaha, Sandy Griswold of the *World-Herald*; Edgar Guest, the poet, at the Chamber of Commerce; editors in Buffalo, Syracuse, Rochester, Cleveland, etc.

"You're a philosopher," wrote the interlocutor at this juncture.

White Eagle's eyes grew quizzical and he laughed silently.

"If I couldn't make my own way," he wrote, "and wasn't decent, I'd get it in the neck O. K. I am glad to say I have been built this way, and do not pretend, and many have told me the reason I get along is because I am square. There's not many in my condition could make such a long trip safely."

He said he had a ranch at Gillette, Wyo., where he raises grain and stock. But perhaps the wanderlust of the Sioux is in his blood, for he travels often and far and a horseback jaunt of 500 to 1,000 miles holds nothing fearsome for him. 'He was asked about his trip.

"I started from Custer battlefield in Montana on September 30 last year," he wrote. "I rode Red Bird along the Custer Hiway to Omaha, Neb., over 900 miles in twenty-four days. Crossed South Dakota, 507 miles, in twelve days. I had a fine send-off from Montana—1,000 people, 500 school children

singing, a brass band, and moving pictures.

"Red Bird," he interpolated, "is a Montana cow pony, six years old. He weighed 1,000 pounds the day I left, and the day after I ended the trip he weighed 1,025 pounds."

Last Friday I left Red Bird on pasture in Omaha, as there are so many autos this side of Sioux City that a man cannot get proper accommodations for a horse that is ridden so steadily, and so I came on trains, stopping in Chicago, Indianapolis, Buffalo, and scores of other towns and cities. If it was not for Red Bird I would remain in the East longer than I am. I am anxious to see him and get him home."

"When will you leave here for the West?" he was asked.

"About August."

"Is your blood pure Sioux?"

"I am descended from the Sioux. My father was Horse Chief Eagle, a good hunter, and a friendly brave man. My grandfather was an Irishman, so I have blue eyes and brown hair."

White Eagle said he was here principally to let people know about the Custer highway. "The Custer Battlefield Highway," he wrote, "was organized by Mr. Fisher of Sheridan, Wyo., as a permanent memorial to Gen. Custer, who was killed with his men in the battle of Little Big Horn by Sioux, Cheyenne, and other tribes of Indians."

"The headquarters of the Hiway is at Sheridan. It extends from Omaha, Neb., through Iowa, South Dakota, Wyoming, out to Glacier Park, Mont., 1,500 miles, and is the best marked in the United States. So well is it marked that of 900 miles I rode I did not have to ask directions once. It has been open for nearly a year now, but travelling, surfacing, etc., have not been completed all the way yet. But it is a fine road. Fifteen hundred miles and no gate to open."—N. Y. *Evening Post*, July 7th.

Tools

The tools we are accustomed constantly to handle seem to us such commonplace things, accepted as matters of course, that we fail to realize what wonderful inventions they are.

The Smithsonian Institution's Annual, about to be issued, tells an interesting story about them. It appears that the world did without scissors, cutting cloth with a round-blade knife, until 400 B.C., when an Italian genius invented the contrivance. Not until two or three centuries later, however, were they fitted to the finger for convenient grasp.

The shears used by the ancient Egyptian had one leg detachable, for sharpening. It was held in place by two slots engaging T-shaped pins, and could be detached in a second. Such a facility for sharpening was a great advantage, but no shears or scissors are made that way nowadays.

The chisel was a perfected tool 2500 years ago, though made of bronze, and therefore somewhat less efficient for cutting. The carpenter's saw was at first a blade roughly hacked along the edge. By 4500 B.C., it had acquired regular teeth. About nine hundred years before the birth of Christ an Italian hit upon the idea of giving a "rake" teeth, so that the saw might cut in one direction, instead of scraping.

The ancient Egyptian sickle had a detachable strip of steel teeth. Drills with teeth of corundum and gem stones, for cutting quartz and other rocks, were used in Egypt six thousand years ago. The cores taken out by these drills were so perfect and clean-cut that any modern engineer, provided with diamond drills, might be proud to turn out such good work.

Saws with similar fixed teeth, over eight feet long, were used in Egypt sixty centuries ago for sawing blocks of granite. Knowledge of this method of making saws and drills was lost for thousands of years. The Romans had no tools of the kind, and they were not reinvented until fifty years ago.

The principle of the screw was known to the ancient Greeks, but many centuries passed before the nut and screw for fastening were invented. The screw to fasten wood first appeared less than two hundred years ago.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W 163d Street and Ft. Washington Avenue, is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Neath the all-befolding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
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Know How Your Ears Work?

A new and interesting theory as to the origin of hearing has been propounded by Professor A. Keith at the Royal Institute, London. This theory, says a writer in "The English Mechanic and World of Science," owes its origin to investigations made by Sir Thomas Wrighton over forty years ago—"and further pursued by him when, after a long political career, he returned to his early preoccupation. Sir Thomas, who was not satisfied with the theory of Helmholtz as to the incidence of sound waves and the mechanism for conveying them to the brain, showed that instead of one signal for each wave, there must be four. In 1904 Sir Thomas had asked the lecturer certain abstruse questions about the internal structure of the ear, and in order to answer them Professor Keith undertook an investigation in which he had to deal with most delicate membranes measuring from one one-hundredth to one one-thousandth of an inch, and forming parts of an intricate system.

"To show how nature had proceeded to the perfecting of the instrument, he illustrated as its foundation the balancing arrangement by which fish get their ideas of orientation and keep in equilibrium. This was elaborated in the ear so that waves of sound could set up signals by pressure and tension on the cells just as the movements of the balance did in the fish. Nature introduced an extension of the original system and added the lever and the drum, the effect of which was to magnify sound and make hearing more sensitive. But even without the drum hearing was still possible to a modified extent.

"The most wonderful innovation was the basilar membrane with a shelf for a most delicate machine that recorded sound waves, and, by means of a piston, conveyed their vibrations to the primitive cavity, the fluid in it being thereby displaced. This was the essential mechanism of the organ of hearing, and by its operation any energy in the cell was carried through the nerves to the brain. The discoveries of Englishmen, said the lecturer, were generally overlooked while they were living, but Sir Thomas Wrighton's theory of sound transmission was of such importance as to deserve recognition. The sounds were sorted out by a series of resistances, and the theory of hearing was thus brought into line with that of sight and other sensations."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

For fifty years a beautiful church has stood in Oxford Street for the use of the deaf and dumb. Thousands pass it every day, and may not know its unique services for those who, though possessing keen and alert intelligence, are debarred from speech and hearing. The late Duke of Westminster granted a lease of the ground at a small rent for 60 years; but according to the statement of the Westminster estate officials this will not be renewed. The church, the chaplain's house, and other offices must in due course therefore fall in to the Duke of Westminster. This action will involve presently a loss and disturbance to the agencies now being organized for the benefit of no fewer than 4,000 deaf and dumb people in the Metropolitan area.—*British Deaf Times.*

He that knows not and knows not that he knows not, is a fool.

Avoid him.

He that knows not and knows that he knows not, is a knave.

Teach him.

He that knows and knows not that he knows, is a liar.

Waken him.

He that knows and knows that he knows, is a leader.

Follow him.

CHICAGO.

He tried to kill a cop!

Joseph Herzberg, 37, known in ring circles as "Dummy Jordan," who lost to Classen in the "Fraternal," is charged with trying to kill a policeman with the policeman's own revolver.

The papers of Monday morning, August 1st, heralded "West Side Riot—Missionaries are Stoned," in huge scare-head letters.

Ten missionaries, two of them women, were in a wagon at Roosevelt road and St. Louis Ave., in the heart of the Jewish zone. More than a thousand surrounded them, when some fool started a rumour. Patrolman William Rooney, off duty, saw one of the mob throw a stone which knocked a woman missionary from her feet. Rooney nabbed the thrower and started to drag him to the patrol box, where the crowd set on the cop, a new policeman, who was wounded four times while fighting in France. Rooney took his beating and was getting his man to the patrol box, so the papers state, when Herzberg leaped on the policeman and succeeded in wresting away his revolver.

"Dummy Jordan" got the muzzle of the weapon against Rooney's heart. Rooney let go the prisoner and jammed his thumb behind the trigger of the revolver so that "Jordan" could not fire.

Two uniformed patrolmen happened along and with clubs and revolvers beat a way through the maddened mob to their weakening confederate, thereby saving his life. They hauled Herzberg to the patrol box, having to use their clubs freely, and make threats with their revolvers.

Sending in a riot call, a patrol of detectives and a police patrol both came smashing through the crowd, arriving just in time to save the badly beaten trio around the patrol box.

With the deaf man safely in the patrol wagon, the police dived into the crowd and arrested three others pointed out by Rooney.

Late reports have it that Herzberg was ignorant of Rooney's being an officer. Rooney may have shouted he was, but Herzberg naturally did not hear him, so—seeing a big guy grab a smaller guy and draw a revolver, Herzberg jumped in to avert what he supposed was incipient murder. "I'm a hero; the cops are going to pat my back when they come," he is reported to have thought. Sure enough, the cops did presently pat his back—with clubs. Frantic at his inability to make them understand in the dark amid the fighting mob that he was trying to save some one's life, Herzberg slugged for dear life. At least this is the report just reaching me from one of the deaf men in that crowd—Hyman E. Epstein. Epstein states Herzberg was released in bail of \$150, trail set for August 9. Am delaying mailing this letter a few hours later than usual, in order to embrace this information.

Saturday evening, July 23d, saw formal completion of the organization of the Chicago branch of the N. A. D., in the Sac. A crowd of some two hundred appeared, of which 51 voted as paid-up members. Johnnie Purdum—the Miracle Man who succeeded in Nadizing Chicago where others failed—was acclaimed president. Mrs. Meagher—past national vice-president of the N. A. D.—was acclaimed vice-president. Mrs. Morton Henry was elected secretary-treasurer, the sentiment of the meeting being to make women do their full share, since they have been clamoring so much for "equal rights" in the frats. If women can show themselves equals of their masters in Sac and Nad activities, they may some day achieve frathood.

Gibson, the Rev. Flick and Mrs. Meagher, made addresses on Atlanta. "Atlanta gave a fine convention, considering the South is a greenhorn in that line," was said. "Atlantians learned the ropes at the frat convention, so their convention of 1923 is certain to be the biggest and best ever. Those Southerners make ideal hosts."

We will start a weekly-savings club, and Chicago will have a big delegation. You girls who grab a man down there don't want to settle down in the South—bring your young man up here to swell Chicago's social life."

The question of "local dues" was admirably solved. "New York branch charges fifty cents yearly local dues, so should we," one remarked. This struck others as outrageous robbery, and spirited discussion ensued, seeing as Nad dues themselves are only fifty cents yearly. The Rev. Frederick Flick finally hit on a happy compromise. "Why charge local dues at all?" he queried. "Why not give dances, etc., and make the branch dues free to all paid-up Nads?" Carried with a whoop. Johnnie Sullivan, indefatigable, personality-plus president of the Sac, will himself manage the first ball, to be given in the near future. This may shortly be followed by a vaudeville program engineered by the Meaghers—their first undertaking since the 1920 "Fraternal."

The Chicago Fads are off to a flying start. Let the good work go on.

The day after the Nad meeting, William LaMotte—bustler extraordinary—went out and persuaded fourteen more to join the N. A. D.

The ever cheerful, always charming "Grin Gwyn"—who tickled the typewriter keys in frat headquarters before Goodyear lured her with better pay, and who then married the sub-quarterback of the great Goodyear Silents—has a baby. Born July 28th, 7½ lbs.; named Frances Lillian Andrewjeski—combining the names of its parents, Frank and Lilly. Mother and child are doing well. A few Chicago friends of "Grin" chipped in and sent a check to apply towards the purchase of that horseless baby carriage Mrs. F. X. Zintuk is fostering.

Mrs. Alfred Waugh, Seattle, is summering with us. Her husband was one of that group of six deaf men who stampeded to the Klondike during the gold rush late in the last century, and after prospecting for years returned empty-handed. (Singular, that out of the many deaf men who rush Alaskawards, none ever returned with gold-salt in pay quantities.) The said salt air of Seattle seems to agree with Nellie, for she looks as young and pleasant as when she last left our midst, fourteen years back.

Chicago's three million inhabitants thronged the beaches during the record hot spell, and our silents are not backwards. Dr. Robertson, city health physician, warns against eye, ear, nose and throat infections spread by such a mass of bathers. "Keep water out of your eyes as much as possible," he states, "and place a small piece of cotton, saturated with vaseline, in the ears before swimming."

Concession holders on our beaches are robbed. Compare beach prices of Chicago and Detroit:

	Detroit	Chicago
Bathing suit, towel and lockers	15 cts	45 cts
Ice cream soda	10 cents	15 cts
Ginger ale	5 cents	15 cents
Sandwich	10 cents	15 cents

L. A. Maldonado, one of three partners in an importing and exporting firm in San Francisco, spent a day here en route home, after seeing his wife safely settled for a summer visit with her folks in Philadelphia. Maldonado, about 30, bright and peppy, serves as treasurer of his firm—most of the trade being conducted with Mexico, Chile and Peru are made out in Spanish.

A few days later, Monroe Jacobs, Berkeley delegates to Atlanta, dropped in to take an optical inventory of our little hamlet. Jacobs has for many years owned and run a small printing plant out in California, and seems to have made money. Query: Why do so many deaf Westerners succeed in business on their own hook, and so few Easterners?

Little Virginia Woodworth, adopted to St. Louis with the sister of Mrs. Fred Woodworth.

The young Fred Youngs are the proud parents of another fine baby, a boy, born July 20th.

William Gibney, Flint, is in town visiting his brother James. William's wife died July 30th.

Sundry items in the JOURNAL locate two faces missing from our midst for some time. Morris Sinclair is out West, and Miss Hilda Spong, an ex Gallandette, works in a New York City restaurant.

Fred W. Schoneman and wife spent a week here, taking in the Stock Yards in company with twelve other silents. Schoneman was teller in that Akron bank right across the street from the Goodyear plant, resigning to teach in the Jacksonville school, when the industrial depression hit old Rubberville.

The Harrison Leiters were guests of the E. W. Craigs at Lake Delavan, followed by Mesdames Flick and Watson. After them come the Ward Smalls.

The Ernest Swangrens now live in Rockford, where Ernest works on a daily paper. He was once renowned in Nad circles as "Oregon's Original Organizer." The big organizer of present-day Nad circles is also in Illinois—John Purdum.

Some hundred frats and friends took advantage of the "cut-rate" concession tickets to attend River-view on "Frat Day," July 30th.

July 24th was the 72d anniversary of the birth of that cheerful old chess-master, Sidney Howard—formerly conductor of * this Chicago column. August 4th, a party of thirty-five silents gathered in his honor at a bathing-picnic in Jackson Park. Howard is aging fast. He looks three weeks older than when I first met him seven years ago.

The Roy Grimes have a new boy at their home—born Friday, July 8th.

Dates ahead—Aug. 21: Knights De l'Épée picnic at White Eagle Grove, Lyons, Ill. Sept. 4: Frat picnic at Kolze's Electric Park, end of Irving Park line, Danbury. Sept. 5: (Labor Day) Home Fund picnic at Harm's Grove, 2328 Berleau Ave.

THE MEAGHERS

Military training has been compulsory in New Zealand since 1910.

"IN DIXIELAND."

GEORGIA LAND; MY GEORGIA LAND.

Where gold is gleaming high and low,
Georgia Land; My Georgia Land;
Where dollars like blackberries grow,
Georgia Land; My Georgia Land;
Where buildings tower to the skies,
And where a million merchants rise
And burn the woods to advertise,
Georgia Land; My Georgia Land.
—Convention Bureau Song Book.

The daily papers all carry reports of extreme heat in the North, East, and middle West, while here in Georgia we are still having the most delightful of weather. The thermometer seldom registering as high as 95 degrees, and even at that the cool breezes that almost constantly blow from the Atlantic Ocean on the East, and the Gulf of Mexico on the South, temper the heat and we rarely feel the full effect of it down here. Our Georgia land is a pretty good land to live in at any and all times, and we would not swap it for any other place we know of, at least not in summer time.

News has just reached Atlanta of the death of the mother of Fred J., and Miss Mary Hart, of Savannah, Ga., which occurred a few days ago. Full details of her illness and death have not reached us yet, so we are unable to state the cause. We extend our deepest sympathy to those young people in their bereavement.

The recent Frat Convention held here proved a surprise to a good many people, and was a real "eye-opener" to more than a few doubting parties. The Atlanta frats and their friends put the convention over without a single hitch, spending something around about like three thousand dollars in entertaining the convention and giving everybody a good time, and from the comments we hear they succeeded beyond any doubt. If they did not, it was not the fault of Atlanta or the Atlanta deaf. Even the Weatherman was good to this convention, giving us the whole week of very delightful weather.

Miss Lillian M. Glover, of Columbia, S. C., has accepted the position as girls' supervisor at the Louisiana School for the Deaf, at Baton Rouge, La., and left for that place on July 30th, where she was to enter upon her new duties on August 1st. Miss Glover spent a very pleasant ten-days' visit among friends and relatives in Atlanta during the frat convention, and it was while she was here that the position at the Louisiana School was tendered her. The very best wishes of her numerous South Carolina and Georgia friends go with her to her new home.

Our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Keys, of Montgomery, Ala., were most pleasant visitors in Atlanta during the late convention. While here they joined the National Association of the Deaf and subscribed for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL and also the Silent Worker. They expressed themselves as delighted with the various entertainments given visitors during the convention, and have returned home filled with new enthusiasm and the determination to put in some good work for the National Association of the Deaf Convention in Atlanta two years hence.

After being on a "still hunt" for the past several years, the Rev. J. W. Michaels has at last found that which he sought, and according to recent report, is now once again a benedict. He was married some few days ago to a Virginia woman, a widow, and they are now enjoying their "honeymoon" on Mr. Michaels' farm at Mountainburg, Ark. We had wondered often of late why Bro. Michaels had become so sprightly and lighthearted during recent months, and now we understand. The congratulations and best wishes of the Atlanta and Georgia deaf are extended to the happy pair.

Dr. James H. Cloud, of St. Louis, the president of the National Association of the Deaf, was another pleasant visitor in our city during the convention. While here he put in some good work for the N. A. D. We deeply regret that a death in this scribe's immediate family during convention week prevented us from showing the doctor the attention we should have done had circumstances been otherwise. But, never mind, when next he comes to Atlanta he will have the center of the stage and our undivided attention.

Mr. George S. Porter, the fat and jovial business manager of the Silent Worker, was another interested visitor to Atlanta and the frat convention, he having decided at the eleventh hour to come with the New Yorker. We enjoyed having him with us immensely, and believe that we succeeded in giving him a good time while here. Mr. Porter and this scribe put in some good work for the Silent Worker during convention week, enrolling a great many new subscribers for that publication as well as securing many new members of the N. A. D., under the very liberal offer made to all who subscribe and join the N. A. D. before September 30th. The Silent Worker is now the official organ of the N. A. D.

A special meeting of the Georgia Branch N. A. D. will be held on

Labor Day, Monday, September 5th, for the purpose of appointing the members of the subcommittees that will serve for the 1923 N. A. D. convention. A basket picnic will be given at Grant Park at noon on that day, and at night a special mass meeting will be held at the Chamber of Commerce at which time all subcommittees will be named. It is the association's intention to get well organized and in good workable shape at once, so that we may get down to actual work this fall. We are planning to have all our work done and the money all up, and everything else in readiness at least six months before the actual time of the convention. Our experience with the late Frat convention has shown us the way to do this. Experience is the best of teachers.

We ask all our friends everywhere to become self-appointed boosters for the N. A. D. and the nineteen twenty-three convention of this body, which is to be held at Atlanta. Help us bring about a record breaking attendance. We promise you that the entertainments given the frat delegates and visitors here last month, while elaborate enough to break all previous frat convention records, will be made to look like thirty cents beside that which we are planning for the National Association of the Deaf. If all our plans prove successful, and no doubt but that they will, the 1923 N. A. D. Convention at Atlanta will be the most brilliantly entertained deaf convention ever yet held anywhere in the world. If you doubt this assertion, make up your minds right now to come and see for yourselves. This convention is going to break all world records. It is going to begin and end in a "blaze of glory." Do you get us?

To all our inquiring friends who have written us lately, asking why they have not seen our usual letter in the JOURNAL lately, we have simply been "resting up." We had been working at high tension for many months prior to the frat convention. The campaign to bring the 1923 N. A. D. meeting to Atlanta was conducted from this office, besides most all the publicity news matter was sent out to the various deaf publications from here up to July, and after the successful frat gathering had been here and gone we felt that we deserved a little rest and took it. We hope to be able to keep up our news letter in the JOURNAL from now on. Help us by sending us the more important news and happenings of your locality or State. Just send us the outlines on a post card, and we will construct a story around it and publish it in this column. This applies to any of the deaf in any State in the South.

We are glad that all delegates and visitors to the convention were so well impressed with our Governor and our Mayor. They are both fine gentlemen, and both warm personal friends of many of the local deaf. We consider Mayor Key as one of us, he being an associate member of the N. A. D., and he keeps his yearly dues paid up in this association better than a lot of deaf folks that we know of. The Mayor is still telling everyone what a fine body of people the frats and their friends were.

Supt. Harris, of the Georgia School for the Deaf, was invited to welcome the delegates and visitors in BEHALF OF THE GEORGIA DEAF. Instead of doing so, he made THE SPEECH OF HIS LIFE in behalf of HIS OWN JOB. Had we foreseen what sort of a talk he was going to make, he never would have been honored with the invitation, everyone who heard him speak can be assured of this. We have since taken special care to point this fact out to our Governor and impress the fact on his attention that Harris speech WAS MADE TO HIM, NOT TO US.

C. L. J.

ATLANTA, GA., Aug. 5, 1921

SIGN OF DEAFNESS.

Children may reach school age without their parents suspecting that their hearing organs are defective, especially in cases where the hearing is only slightly defective, and the child has made up for the deficiency by watching or "reading" the eyes and lips of those about him.

While these slight cases manage to get along much the same as the more normal children about them, they may, when they start going to school, find it more or less difficult to compete with others in classroom. Slight trouble with the ears may also, if neglected during the early stages, result in some serious condition later on.

Repeated earaches are an indication of trouble which holds the possibilities of disaster and the condition should be treated before the signal of actual disaster has occurred, that is to say, a discharge from the ear. When earache is a repeated symptom the doctor should be consulted.

If a child is born deaf the condition is usually not detected for the first year or year and a half, when it is observed that the child does not show the usual inclination to repeat sounds. Cases of partial deafness, as we have said before, are often not detected until the child

goes to school, where it may be noticed that he is restless and inattentive. Other symptoms by which deafness is detected in older children are a dull facial expression, a monotonous tone of voice, or imperfect speech.

To test a child's hearing one can place a watch at a distance of two feet, and if the child cannot hear the ticking he should be taken to an ear specialist. A child with good hearing should be able to hear a loud whisper from a distance of twenty-five feet.

Adenoids and enlarged tonsils are common causes of deafness.

Temporary deafness may be caused by long accumulation of hardened wax in the ear canal.—*Brice Belden, M. D., in Boston American.*

BOSTON.

It was quite a relief to the writer on returning from the middle West to find Boston still on the map. It is so long since it appeared in the JOURNAL columns she was beginning to think it had either got lost, stolen, or strayed, but here it is in its usual place. The scribes here seem to be too busy to write any news for the outside world.

Now it's vacation time, quite a few have gone to the mountains and beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard have gone to York Beach, Me.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark and Harry Jordan to Oak Bluffs.

The Camp Fire Girls to Foxboro. The C. F. G. decided to dispense with the train service for once and travelled by truck. They expect to have the time of their lives, one item in their programme being a daily hike at 2 o'clock A.M.

Mrs. Ernest Sargent and two children have gone to the beach for two weeks, and if they enjoy it may stay a month. Mr. Sargent is feeling rather blue in his role of grass widower. Mr. and Mrs. Sargent have removed from Brighton to Arlington Heights, and find it much nicer up there. Mr. Sargent has been among the more fortunate, during these dull times, and has retained his position with Gray and Davis right along.

The Service to the Deaf was held at Oak Island in Mothers' Rest Cottage on July 31st. This is seven successive years for our service to be held there on the last Sunday in July.

It is a beautiful place for a Summer Service. Rev. G. H. Hefflon preached to a large crowd and gave an appropriate address for the occasion, taking as his text Psalm 115, verse 16.

The Boston folks are working in good earnest now for a new Church of their own. In quite a short time the fund has grown from \$800 to something around \$1,500; the writer is not sure of the exact figure, but it is a credit to the officers in charge, considering the difficulty they have in getting money these hard times.

Mr. and Mrs. Frisbee have lately been to Schenectady, N. Y., on their vacation and report having a good time.

Rev. G. H. Hefflon will not take his usual vacation this summer. He will hold a service each Sunday through August, that in Boston being on August 28th.

There sure is some poet in Detroit. The writer felt rather flattered on reading that column a short time ago, but is very much afraid other readers interested in the Detroit news felt cheated out of some worth while news.

By the way, she would like to take this opportunity of expressing her appreciation of the hospitality shown her during her stay there. She was made to feel at home wherever she went.

Detroit will be a pleasant memory to look back to, even on the other side of the Herring Pond, if she finds the courage to follow her wishes and cross next Spring.

She has been on the go so much of late, her friends are beginning to think she is smitten with the disease of Wanderlust, and as she likes the JOURNAL wherever she may be, she thinks the Editor had better add a new item to the Postal Information and let us know the rate of postage to the Antipodes, in case she finds herself there next move she makes after seeing the "Mountains o' Mourne roll down to the Sea."

The Altar Guild of St. Andrew's Silent Mission plans a picnic to King's Bungalow, Hough's Neck, on Saturday, Sept. 3d. Come everybody and have a good time. Refreshments will be on sale.

The Ladies Auxiliary held a picnic at the same place in July and report a grand time, and made good profit.

S. SCARBOROUGH.

MAINE MISSION OF THE DEAF.

The Maine Mission of the Deaf will hold its Annual Convention at Bangor, Maine, September 3d, 4th and 5th, 1921. All welcome.

A. L. CARLISLE, President.

F. P. KIMBALL, Secretary,
20 Gilman Street,
Portland, Maine.
West End Station.

National Association
of the Deaf

Organized, August 25, 1880.
Incorporated, Feb. 23, 1900.

President
J. H. Cloud,
Mo.
Secretary-Treasurer
A. L. Roberts,
Washington, D. C.
Vice-Presidents
J. W. Howson, Cal.
C. G. Lamson, Ohio
Executive Board:
Olof Hanson, Wash.
Alex. L. Pach, N. Y.
J. H. McFarlane, Ala.

OFFICIAL

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS OF THE LOCAL
COMMITTEE, ATLANTA CONVENTION 1923.

Alabama—W. S. Johnson, 122 Cherry Street, Talladega; P. McP. Hofsteater, 211 Park Avenue, Talladega.

Arkansas—Alpha W. Patterson, Fordyce; Sidney W. King, School for the Deaf, Little Rock.

Florida—O. W. Underhill, School for the Deaf, St. Augustine; Frank E. Philpott, 23 Hospital Street, St. Augustine.

Kentucky—E. Mc. Hay, 1404 Scott Street, Covington; G. Gordon Kannapoll, 4304 Chestnut Street, Louisville.

Louisiana—G. G. Barnham, Box 903 Monroe; Miss Margaret Hauberg, School for the Deaf, Baton Rouge.

Maryland—Wm. P. Duvall, Jr., Baltimore; H. J. Stegemerten, School for the Blind, Overlea.

Mississippi—Hugo Matzner, 2608 8th Street, Meridian; Elmer V. Peters, 133 Longino Street, Jackson.

North Carolina—Robert C. Miller, Box 174, Shelby; C. E. Jones, 309 East Third Street, Gastonia.

South Carolina—Herbert R. Smoak, Union; Miss Annie L. Dwight, Wedgefield.

Tennessee—Thomas S. Marr; Stahlman Building, Nashville; William Chambers, School for the Deaf, Knoxville.

Texas—Tilden Smith, 620 Novelty Street, Waco; J. Amos Todd, School for the Deaf, Austin.

Virginia—W. C. Ritter, School for the Deaf, Newport News; Arthur G. Tucker, 2213 Stuart Avenue, Richmond.

Associate Members at Large—The Rev. H. L. Tracy, Rev. J. W. Michaels, J. W. McCandless, J. H. Eddy.

The Active Members of the Local Committee and the Members of the Committee on program were announced in the JOURNAL of July 7th.

The Associate Members of the Local Committee will co-operate with the Local Committee at Atlanta and with State Organizers in the Southern Section in stimulating interest in the N. A. D., in increasing the membership list and in bringing about the largest possible attendance at the Fourteenth Triennial Convention when it meets at Atlanta, in 1923.

JAMES H. CLOUD,

President, N. A. D.

ST. LOUIS, August 2, 1921.

Hearing for Assault on Deaf-Mute Postponed

At the suggestion of Judge Chas. J. Brown of East Boston yesterday, the prosecution of the cases of Joseph Mosher of 231 Saratoga St., and Thomas Wakely of 92 Morris St., East Boston, held in connection with the brutal assault and robbery of Richard Cahill, a deaf-mute, has been deferred for a month, in order to give the police, who are working on the affair, more time to investigate evidence which came out yesterday.

Joseph E. Tarbox, a cousin of Richard Cahill, and blind, was in court to assist Cahill in testifying by means of the "touch" system. The process was unsatisfactory, and finally Judge Brown suggested writing the questions for the witnesses. Both plans were abandoned. The judge suggested that a deaf and dumb interpreter be procured to assist at the hearing.—*Boston Globe*, July 17.

Died

Funeral services were held last Wednesday, August 3, 1921, for Mrs. Mildred Reinhardt, who died at her late home in Brooklyn, after an illness of one year. Mrs. Reinhardt, who was the sister of Frank J. Jelinek and Otto Jelinek, a prominent basketball player, was the mother of five children who survive her. She also leaves her husband, mother, father, two sisters and four brothers.

The University of Detroit is the first educational institution in the United States to establish a regular course in aeronautics.

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. E. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

August 6, 1921.—Early in the year we made some reference in these columns of the Dayton, O., League for the Hard of Hearing, which then claimed a very large membership—in fact, so large that we had our doubts as to the number and still have. A friend down there was handed some literature pertaining to the organization, while in a store making a purchase, by the saleslady, who finding she was deaf, and asked her to attend their meetings. The printed matter was sent us, from which we glean a few points pertaining to the League.

The membership fee is one dollar annually.

The assembly room is 18 Louis Block, 5th and Jefferson Streets, where instruction in lip-reading is given daily from 1 P.M. to 5 P.M., except Friday, and appointment by Miss Mabel R. Lindner, Principal.

They have a hand-work shop, where are accepted for sale hand-work and hand-craft of deafened men and women, and claims to be a clearing house and Information Bureau for the Hard of Hearing and their friends.

To the hard of hearing it promises:

1. To find them employment.
2. To teach them lip reading free.
3. To relieve the social isolation of the deafened.
4. And whatever their problem is they help them solve it.

Our information is that quite a number of the ordinary deaf have felt the stress of times down in Dayton, but whether they are members of the league, we are not informed, but if they are it seems the league has not been able to fulfill its promise, and as to social isolation very few of us experience it, we are as happy as larks, except in extreme circumstances, and the word isolation is not in their dictionary in its social meaning.

The brother of Miss Cora Uhl was recently killed in an auto accident. The affliction is the more severe to her as he was the only near relative she had. Because of the distance, she was unable to be present at the funeral. She is one of the Ohio Colony working at the Rexmere Hotel, at Stamford, N. Y.

Since her stay there, the throat trouble that had been bothering her for some time has about disappeared. Probably due to the change of climate. We have been in receipt of a number of postal cards from the Ohioans at the resort, and all speak highly of the scenery round about. All like their work and the treatment received from the management, and are not sorry they went there.

The brick addition to the trades building that was erected as an ice house, and later turned into a drying room, has now been turned into another use. The building is just back of the hospital. A concrete floor has been put down, doors changed and windows put in. Hereafter it will be used as a shop where the boys of the school will be instructed in automobile repair. Such instruction is deemed by Superintendent Jones as very useful for the deaf as an employment. The necessary materials will in due time be supplied. An instructor has already been chosen, but we can not give his name now.

The State Journal had the following the other day:

MUTE WRITES COURT HE'S SORRY HE BOOZED; COURT THEN SUSPENDS SENTENCE

"I am sorry that I made a big mistake about drinking, but not much yesterday. I must quit it at once and be good. I drank a little—the first time since the dry laws started. I don't want any more."

Thus read a note written yesterday in Municipal Court by a deaf man, when arraigned before Judge Berry for being intoxicated.

Not to be outwitted, Judge Berry returned this note to the man: "\$10 and costs, suspended. On probation. Report November 18th."

After a trip to the battlefields at Look Out Mountains tomorrow, Mr. Collins Sawhill informs us that he will start for the north, and may stop over here on his way to Cleveland. He is as anxious now to leave the south as he was to get down there last June, for that enemy, hay fever, is lurking around for victims in the Sunny South.

Dr. Patterson, who has been busy since School closed in June, cleaning up the odds and ends of the office—so as to have matters easy for his successor, whoever he may be, when he takes hold, will leave tomorrow for Rye Beach on Lake Erie. His daughter, Mrs. Charles Bond, of Brooklyn, and children have been there since early July, also his daughter-in-

law, Mrs. R. G. Patterson and children.

Dr. Patterson will remain a week, and during that time hopes to make an acquaintance with some of his grandchildren, especially those of Brooklyn, N. Y., whom he has seen little.

A. B. G.

DETROIT.

Under the auspices of the Ephpheta Society of the Deaf (catholic) of which Father Kaufman is the director, an all-day gathering was held Sunday, July 17th, out at St. Claire Lake.

Every one got up in the thick heat Sunday morning and waited at the corner of Jefferson Avenue and St. Antoine Street at the appointed time, for the special car to take everyone and their basketful of "eats" up to the land of freedom and fun. After merry good morning and discourse with everyone, a loud signal was given and all went off on a long ride along Jefferson Avenue through Grosse Pointe out to the Shore line road to the edges of Lake St. Claire, when everyone swept out upon a curve and the lake waited before them under a mist of silver and amber. Here we stopped where a large-sized board was erected on the corner of the road, to guide us to our frolic and sunny grounds.

Downtown Detroit was more deserted than usual that Sunday, and the Detroit Association of the Deaf appeared desolate throughout the day. We obeyed (?) George Ade's warning, "If you have earned a vacation take it." We played, tramped, swam, etc., from morning till evening. This picnic was popular with the deaf and it was a lively day. Along the countryside we saw daisies, black-eyed Susans and butter fly weeds, and all were in bloom. Deaf auto owners brought a profusion of blossoms. They also opened their eyes for clumps of elder berry bushes along the roads. The berries will be ripe in a few weeks and will be in demand for pies and other things.

The dinner was spread as soon as they got on the grounds. There were roasted chickens, not incubator chickens, for they were not tough. Also some new sandwich fillings that we saw in our picnic lunch baskets, and perhaps some of you gentle readers would like to see the list. Here they are: Lettuce, slices of crisp bacon, cold roast chicken, tomatoes, lobster meat seasoned with salt, cayenne, lemon, lettuce and mayonnaise, grated Gruyere cheese, chopped english walnuts, sliced tomatoes, mayonnaise and horseradish. Water cress, chopped fine, with oil mayonnaise, chopped ham and sweet relish.

Green olives, ripe olives, hard-boiled eggs, chili sauce, celery and mayonnaise. Neufchatel cheese, a few drops Worcestershire sauce, stuffed olives, pimento, chopped pecans, mayonnaise, moist with lemon juice. After the dinner we swarmed off to the shore of St. Claire Lake, disrobed our costumes and took our swim. The older folks stood by like excited hens, and the young set, like the ducklings, swam, dove, waded, etc. Old friends sat and talked of the olden time under a big shady tree in the rear of the grounds, which proved attractive to us. The children tramped the grounds, and chased the yellow butterflies and gathered the daisies. We saw the hoppers hop the grass and saw the robins grab them. We also saw a small snake creep up, alas, behind Earl Shafer and scare him. A big cat came along, set out for a prow and soon had rosin meat in her, but was accidentally killed by the auto driven by a hearing man—ice-man.

Father Kaufman was there—a good, jolly fellow, we enjoyed ourselves along with him. We did (?) trap him into inviting us to eat fruits, especially plums. Mr. and Mrs. Liddy and a party from Windsor, Canada, graced the grounds with their presence. Their handsome young son talked the deaf language fluently. They enjoyed themselves with us very much.

Peter Hellers, in his summer trousers, with a steady reliable look in his bright eyes, attracted attention because he was one of the committee. John Heller, also in summer suit, with white negligee and tie, swaggered among the crowd happy and carefree. He, too, was a conspicuous figure among the picknickers, as he was the leading man of the committee.

Ralph Beaver and family drove to join the picknickers in his auto and brought his auto license with him. Mrs. Toegel, who was in a great hurry to catch an appointed time car that morning, wore her white waist inside out.

Heaven protected Miss Tucker! She, our young secretary of the Auxiliary, Detroit Association of the Deaf, came out of the lake in a bathing suit to make her way through the crowds to the bath house.

Some one signed "Look out," and as a little object grazed her she almost swooned away. It was a little kitten mascot of the picknickers that flew up the tree.

Saw Mr. and Mrs. Eickhoff, of Flint, among the happy crowd, Ben Beaver and his pretty fiancée were there, he with his brave tan breeches and she in her white jumper dress and a small hat to match.

Arthur Meek and bride were there receiving congratulations. She: "You don't know how nervous I was when my 'Miss' left me," and he: "You did not know how nervous I was until you did."

Robert Jones was there, he chuckled all day over tricks he played on everybody. Henry Gottlieb and wife were there. She looked pretty and young in a brown tulle hat with bows on either side.

C. M. Sadosky and his charming wife were there in their new Ford Sedan, entertaining Mrs. Allera.

Delbert Johnson helped his excellent wife spread the dinner. They invited several to share their "eats." They both are fine entertainers. They had roasted chicken, salad, everything you could name.

H. B. Waters brought his wife, three sons, and his aged mother to the picnic grounds. Grandma Waters talked the deaf language well. It was quite interesting to see her talk to her three grandsons in the sign language. Grandma Waters came from Arkansas to spend the summer with them.

Mrs. R. L. McLachlan, in pink dress with velvet sash, accompanied her husband to greet every body.

Two chums—Mrs. Robert Jones and Mrs. Kenney—were seen in the lake longer than any one else. They ought to have been awarded with prizes, for they wore the prettiest bathing costumes.

Mrs. John Ulrich was there saying the Detroit frats were coming home "Marching Thro' Georgia."

Mrs. Wm. Rheiner looked exquisite in pale blue checkedingham dress, selling hot coffee and iced lemonade.

Mrs. Huegel wore newest frock, made with little circular frilled apron on both sides.

Mrs. John Cully, of Toledo, O., was there as the guest of the Hellers.

Nearly all the women and girls wore jumper dresses of green, pale blue and white. It seems greens, pale blues and whites, have the reputation of being coolest of colors.

Mrs. H. B. Waters was rather an interesting person, and we enjoyed watching her. She looked fresh in a green linen frock.

Among the deaf who worked hard to make every body on the grounds happy were the Heller brothers—Peter and John.

Mrs. Peter Hellers, a slight girl in a simple white frock that was created just for her.

There were many babies there.

Miss Huegel, a girl of about five, played out like a gem in the hot, crowd picknickers. Bonnetless, with the wind blowing her shining bobbed hair, her face pink and tanned with health and outdoor life; her stockings rolled down to show plump knees below her short white frock, interested in everything she saw.

At 8:30 P.M. the "Special" car returned—the crowd rushed for the seats. The conductor was astonished, and his cap with No. 13, flew over the head of John Hellers, who assumed once to collect the fare—25 cents per person. Every man stood up for the mothers, wives and children in the car. Thank you.

The Detroit Free Press of July 24th, contained the following clipping:

DEAF MUTE KILLED BY IN TERURBAN CAR

MT CLEMENS, July 25 — Howard Walter, 16 years old, who was deaf and dumb died this morning in St. Joseph's Hospital here, of injuries suffered Sunday afternoon when he was run down by a Rapid Railway car at Pearl Beach, near Algona.

Walter was the son of John C. Walter, of 5109 Mt. Elliott avenue, Detroit. He had gone to the Breezy Point Hotel for an outing and was on his way to mail a letter to his mother when he was killed. His friends at the hotel had told him to start after a regular car passed and to walk down the tracks, as they believed he would safer there than in the street, inasmuch as another regular car was not due for an hour. A special car following the regular car could not stop in time to avoid striking him. The boy still gripped the letter to his mother in one hand and two cents for postage in another, when he was picked up. His right leg and left arm were so badly injured that they were amputated at the hospital last night. His death was said to be due to the shock of the operation. He was taken to Algona for first-aid treatment and brought to Mt. Clemens later last night.

MRS. C. C. COLBY.
2151 Jefferson, East.

NOTICE.

During July and August services at St. Ann's Church will be at 10:30 A.M. Rev. Mr. Kent expects to be in town all summer, and will be glad to give his services to any of the deaf who call on him.

The largest sum ever spent in improving one street was 14,300,000 francs laid out on the Rue de Rivoli in Paris.

OREGON.

Too bad, too bad, too conservative, to say the least. More's the pity. Refusal to admit women into the Frats does not show judicial mind nor progressive tendency. Is mother, wife, sweetheart, daughter, not good enough? The best friend that baby, boy, man has, is kept outside the door. The counsel her motherly instinct prompts, is not appreciated. But time works wonders. The age of miracles is not past.

St. Paul won out, because she had more money pledged for entertainment than the others in the race. The West believes it a big mistake not to have deferred the convention to 1925 with Portland as the place. The vast array of natural and artificial wonders which the Pacific coast and Rocky Mountains region offers, will remain unknown to thousands who would have come to the convention. The East is blind to everything but its own self, and any native Easterner who chances down west of the Mississippi, always wonders, gapes, gasps and rubs eye and head, unbelieving that his east has nothing like them all. O Lord, forgive them for they are but blind and thinketh not.

George Bauer and Pearl Black have at last agreed on the date. It is August 24th, unless the girl changes her mind with the girl's privilege.

Mrs. Glutsh and daughter have motored down to San Francisco and Los Angeles, whence they will drive over to Hawaii. Hey, I mean they will go on the boat.

L. A. Cavanaugh got himself into Associated Press publicity by drinking moonshine and guiding the officers to the cache. It was at Bend.

Karl Ellis Edwin Johnson writes he and his girl are "out." Having no work, he is all the more depressed. He wants to go east, as he thinks he can get work there.

Yokima, Ellensburg, Wenatchee, Seattle and Tacoma, Washington, Silents will picnic July 31st at Laconia. They sure will have one time.

Alfred Waugh thinks baching O.K. His wife, Nellie Cole, is visiting relatives in Illinois and having one grand talkfest. But the orphan goes to the beaches, beats the porpoises and whales at the game, squats on adjacent land, smokes, reads, bakes clams, shoots, and has no apron strings tied to him. Being unmarried, am not certain he is talking just for my own benefit. Anyway, married life looks good to one who has not tried it.

Thayer goes on the roof of the dock adjacent to the bathing beach, runs at a 9-second gait, dives off one hundred feet, comes out and lounges on the beach to the admiration of the beauts, while getting over the pain of the dive.

Jack Bertram was fired from his job with an engraving company but now works nights at the same trade for the Oregonian.

William Seaman, Junior, Stelwyn apartments janitor, has turned detective. Finding his lunch twice on the floor, with the meat gone from the sandwiches, his Sherlock Holmes mind accuses the housekeeper, but the probability is a smart rat did the trick, or maybe a pet dog.

The settlement of the seamen's strike means boom in business.

Hiram Hancock has got a job as head barge man at \$4.50 per day and found, near Condon.

Irene Dixon has left her job at Meier and Frank's for Albany with her relatives. Daisy Morrison misses her roommate.

Miller Reese Hutchison says in an Associated Press dispatch he is perfecting a device whereby 50 to 60 per cent of the deaf can hear and learn to speak. A man with \$150,000,000 to command will establish an institute for that purpose. Hutchison's acousticon is crude and cumbersome. Hanson is working on a device refined from the amplifiers in use, to that very end. If Hutchinson or Hanson succeeds in simplifying their devices to inconspicuous size, useable and lasting, with 99 per cent of the deaf, they will satisfy a real need and confer a real blessing. They have the persistency, training, knowledge and imagination needed. But it takes time. Therefore, be patient.

The election of A. L. Roberts as assistant secretary, taking over The Frat, was a conspicuous stroke of wisdom. But will A. L. R. have the sense to identify the married woman or widow then the maiden name?

Manon Giffen, of Cheyenne, Wyoming, is looking for a job in a laundry.

Brookins is working in an Oregon City print shop and may not enter Gallaudet College, for his wages are needed to help out the family.

Weus has a job at the copageage. Wirth, of Canada, sold his stock, implements, etc., and is in and around Portland in a Ford.

You can run and read this: Rufus Edwards, leaving town, did not go to see his sick wife in California but went to Salt Lake City. After her death he married Lucelle Crow, Salt Lake City. With Rowan

and Amundsen bought a Studebaker for \$900 and Edwards chauffeur the outfit over the mountains into Portland. Stranded in the outskirts, a cop advanced them gas money. After inflicting themselves on various mutes, Amundsen sold the auto for \$300, going to California to work as photo engraver and retoucher. Edwards retrieved his own fine kodak outfit, held as security for a debt, but left his wife's kodak as security for other loans. Edwards got transportation to San Francisco as strike breaker, stone cutter and letterer. He signs his name as R. G. Edwards. Last address General Delivery, San Francisco, Calif.

Ray E. Hawley was seen in San Francisco by Geo. Schmidt and in Sacramento by Gabrielli, of the De Luxe Print Shop. Mrs. Hawley has finally cashed the check due Ray from his employer, Columbia Paper Box Factory, but only after letting the grocer have half for old accounts. The Ford Bug, which he sold, is still in the buyer's hands. Legally Ray cannot be held or arrested for he keeps within the law. Morally he is responsible.

A baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Hazel.

Ruth Larson, 17, of Seattle, sues Calvin M. Graves, 77, of Yakima, for divorce, after two weeks of married life. She accuses disparity in age as the cause. She asks for restraining order on \$7500 of securities and bank deposits.

Archibald J. Lyon, foreman of Lowman and Hanford Printing Office at Seattle, stopped in Portland on his trip to and from his ranch near Wilton Cal., to visit with T. C. Mueller. He called on Cavalli, Kiugley and Gabrielli in Sacramento. He is crazy over California, but he goes north!

THEO. C. MUELLER,
Portland, Ore.
July 28, 1921.

Wedding Bells.

Dan Cupid has been very busy among the deaf of Detroit, and his latest work was the marriage of Miss Eta May Evans to Benjamin J. Beaver, at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. H. R. Browne, 9594 Prairie Avenue, August 3d, at 8 o'clock, in the presence of twenty-five close friends and relatives.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. S. Gill, of St. Matthias Episcopal Church, and interpreted by Mrs. Grace T. Davis. The double ring service was used.

As Lohengrin's Wedding March was played by Mrs. Bruce Iler, the bride took their places before the fireplace, which was banked with ferns. Miss Florrie Crowe, of Toronto, was bridesmaid, and Ralph Beaver, niece of the groom, acted as flower girl, and Roland Browne, the bride's nephew, carried the ring on a white satin pillow. The bride was given away by her uncle, J. S. Evans, of Walkerville, Canada.

Directly after the ceremony, Miss Zella Towne sang "Because," Mrs. Horace B. Waters accompanying her in her graceful rendition in the sign language.

The bride wore a beautiful dress of white georgette and a veil of tulle, and carried a bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaid wore Nile green organdie and carried pink roses.

Punch, ice cream and cake were served, and the dining room table was decorated by a large Canadian wedding cake made by the bride's aunt of Winnipeg. This the bride gracefully cut and served to her guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Beaver were the recipients of some beautiful and useful gifts. After a two weeks' trip to Grand Rapids, Ludington, Milwaukee, Chicago, Springfield, Jacksonville, Iuka, St. Louis and Cincinnati, they will make their home with the bride's sister until spring.

TO WHOM CREDIT IS DUE

The Atlantone convention is now a thing of the past, the memory of which will, however, continue to linger in the minds of those fortunate enough to attend the big meet. The stupendous undertaking of entertaining the convention on a large scale was placed on the shoulders of Prof. O. W. Underhill, of St. Augustine, Fla., who is a prominent frat.

For one week and a half prior to the opening of the convention, Mr. Underhill toiled day and night on the entertainment program. The appreciation by the delegates and visitors of the entertainment accorded them was never so strongly expressed, and the idea of one man directorship favorably commented upon, for the success of the convention was in a large measure attributed to the executive ability of Mr. Underhill. He has had considerable experience in the entertaining of conventions in the past, and the Atlanta committee was very fortunate in engaging his services. The latest from St. Augustine brings reassuring news of the quick recovery of Mr. Underhill, who was suddenly taken ill in Atlanta just after the convention adjourned and operated upon at a local hospital.

F. E. P.

OMAHA.

This letter will be about a little journey to Dixie, and right here I wish to say that the Atlanta Convention was a great event. Oscar M. Treuke, Omaha's alternate delegate, and I left at 11 o'clock Friday evening, July 8th, on the Burlington. We arrived in Kansas City, Mo., next morning at 7:05 o'clock and found Le Roy Davis waiting for us. He sure was an early bird and took us out to find some breakfast. We had a delightful time, taking in the sights in the three short hours between trains. We looked for my old friends, J. H. McIlvain and Paul R. Wys, but nary a sight of 'em, so we left for St. Louis on the 10:35 A.M.—arrived there at 6:30 P.M. with no acquaintances at the station, so we walked the neat broad streets of "St. Louie," going through Coontown, of which we were unaware until we got half ways through. There sure are some "niggers" there. On reaching the entrance of Bads Bridge, we ran across four deaf fellows and felt a little more at home. I inquired of the whereabouts of a number of my old friends, such as Rev. Cloud, Peter Hughes, Henry Burgher, Arthur Steidemann and others, and to my disappointment found that they lived "way out there," etc., so could not call on them, as time was short. Two of the boys we met, Messrs. Randolph and Brown, took us around and certainly were courteous, landing us at the big Union Station, where we were surprised to find Rev. Cloud, Hugh Courter, Everett Dobson, Max Lubin, Mr. Marks and others, all enroute to Atlanta. After that it was nothing but talk, talk, talk, till well around midnight, when we retired to our respective berths.

The Chicago crowd, some twenty-five strong, joined us at Evansville, Ind., and we found them at 6:30 next morning. In the dining car, I met Francis P. Gibson across the table, and there were also Carl W. Osterberg, Joseph Martin, Jode Rains, all old schoolmates, the former two having graduated with me from the Iowa School. Our trip through Kentucky saw nothing but wheat and hay galore. As the train stopped at Nashville, Tenn., half an hour, a good many of us got off to send out post cards, get a drink or a bite or whatever you please. On the way we noticed pickaninnies dancing on the porches of old log cabins, giving us a true picture or the south of which we so often read. Our trip through the Cumberland Mountains along the Cumberland River was wonderful. The mountains were covered with cedar trees and the scenery was wonderful. At Chattanooga, in the Terminal Station, we saw "The General," a big locomotive used between the North and South during the war, and several old guns and shells. Lookout Mountain in the distance was like a masterpiece, reminding us of the battlefields of long ago. Going along the Tennessee River for miles and through the Blue Ridge Mountains was like a dream. The beautiful, tall, stately pine trees of Georgia were truly picturesque. We landed in Atlanta, Sunday night at 7:10, were met by the local committee and "promenaded" about fifty strong to the Piedmont Hotel.

As the program of the week has already been described in other issues of the JOURNAL, I need not repeat, but I wish to say that our stay there was most delightful and I had the great pleasure of meeting many old friends. The Atlanta Committee deserves a lot of credit, not forgetting Odie W. Underhill, of St. Augustine, Fla., who helped in many ways. They did all they could to make it an enjoyable event.

Met A. L. Pach, with his ever-ready smile, and Leo C. Williams, the cowboy, as tall as ever; also Edward Foltz, still short and cute—and nearly as fat as a "prize-winning porker." On my way home I left Mr. Treuke with another bunch and stopped in St. Louis long enough to speak at Rev. Cloud's Church to some sixty deaf, among whom I met Miss Pearl Herdman, Mr. Burgher, Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, Rev. and Mrs. Cloud, Theo. Kellner and others, whom I wanted to locate on my way south. Mr. Burgher was kind enough to take us down town and treat us generously.

John D. Rowan, of Salt Lake City, Utah, accompanied me from Atlanta to St. Louis, and I never before heard such amusing Mormon stories as the one ones he related. Had a regular circus with him and the poor fish got left at St. Louis, as he had to wait three long hours for his train instead of going through Kansas City with me as he expected to. I arrived home Monday evening feeling fine, and the following Wednesday, my pal, Jas. R. Jelinek, and I left at 6:15 A.M., for Oskaloosa, Ia., in our Ford. He had just started on a week's vacation the same time that I left for Atlanta. Our trip was a delightful one without a mishap, and we stopped at Des Moines two hours, and arrived in Oskaloosa at 6:15 P.M. Spent three happy days there with my family and my wife's relatives. On the way home, we all, including my wife's sister, spent two hours in Atlantic, Ia., with Mr. and Mrs.

Merrill Stover, and took dinner with them. Mrs. Stover proved a charming little hostess. They have a nice little home and two fine girls. Our trip ended about midnight, all tired but glad to get home.

Mrs. Perry E. Seely underwent an operation recently at Fenger Hospital, and since leaving the hospital she has been feeling better than before.

The Nebraska Tire Co. is beginning to get on a parallel with the Akron Goodyear Co., for they have been hiring the deaf the last few months, most of whom hail from Kansas City, Mo., where they were apprentices at the same company's branch plant there. So far, we have Messrs. Drum, Kyncl, Bowers, Rawlings, and three or four others whose names I can not recollect, all of whom are adding to Omaha's deaf colony. Harold S. Lee, of Council Bluffs, has gone to Kansas City as an apprentice there, so he can get a job later at the Nebraska Tire Co. here. They hire only experienced workers here.

Cards have been received advertising the big inter-state picnic to be held at Sioux City, Ia., at Stone Park, August 14th, by the Sioux City Silent Club.

Auton J. Netusil, who took Oscar M. Treuke's place at Adams-Kelly Co., during the latter's stay down at Atlanta, Ga., has secured a position there in another department. He expects to return to Gallaudet College next month.

We have just learned of the birth of a 7¼ pound baby girl to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Andrejewski, at Akron, O. "Andy" is a Nebraska product. They have the hearty congratulations of all their friends here.

Albert L. Johnson took a two weeks' vacation the last part of July and went to visit relatives at Laurel, Neb. He came back with a coat of tan and a fresh supply of "pep." Leo R. Holway and O. H. Blanchard have both gone "out west" vacationing—the former in and around Portland, Oregon, and the latter to Denver and the Rockies.

A great many Omahans were surprised recently to learn of the marriage of Miss Grace Mason and Isaac J. Wittwer. It happened on the 19th of July, and the Newlyweds are now honeymooning in St. Paul, Minn.

Mrs. Harry G. Long had an operation for appendicitis on August 1st, at Ford Hospital. At this writing she is getting along nicely. Her sister, Grace, who is on a month's visit here, is taking care of the children.

HAL.

NEW YORK.

Louis Gallop, thirty-two years old, a clerk, of No 444 East 14th Street, who is deaf and dumb, caused excitement last night when, it is said, he hugged and kissed Ruth Holstein, seven years old, of No. 1321 Third Avenue, in front of her home.

He was arrested, charged with disorderly conduct. No one in Night Court could understand his sign language, so Magistrate Hattling put the case over until to-day in Yorkville Court, holding Gallop in \$100 bonds.

Patrolman O'Connor, of the East 67th Street Station arrested Gallop on complaint of Mrs. Sadie Holstein, Ruth's mother. The child was playing when, it is said, Gallop came along and seized her. Other children called Mrs. Holstein, who ran downstairs and screamed so loud the policeman ran up. He tried to question Gallop, but couldn't, so hurried him to the East 67th Street Station.—N. Y. World

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Miss Jennie Susman, of St. Louis, Mo., to Mr. Max Maurice Lubin, of New York City, on Tuesday, August 2d. The ceremony was private, Rev. Dr. Eisenman officiating. The bride has been a teacher in Oklahoma 1st institution, at Sulphur, for the past five years, and is an exceptionally intelligent young lady. The groom is one of the leaders in frat circles and also in the Hebrew Association of the Deaf. He is one of the brainiest products of the Fanwood School.

Misses Lena Stollhoff, Belle Puslin, Mary Hornstein, Mrs. Garrison (nee Mary Muir) and Mildred Schram, are spending two weeks vacation in High Mount, N. Y., and are having grand times. All except Mrs. Garrison and Miss Stollhoff will be back in the city by August 14th. The last named stay a week longer.

Mr. and Mrs. August Herdfelder are in the Adirondacks, in the vicinity of Saenadaga, and probably not far away are August Wriede and James N. Orman, having a nice time on Jack Gruet's farm.

Mrs. William Lippens is visiting her son in Washington, D. C., for a week.

Religious Notice

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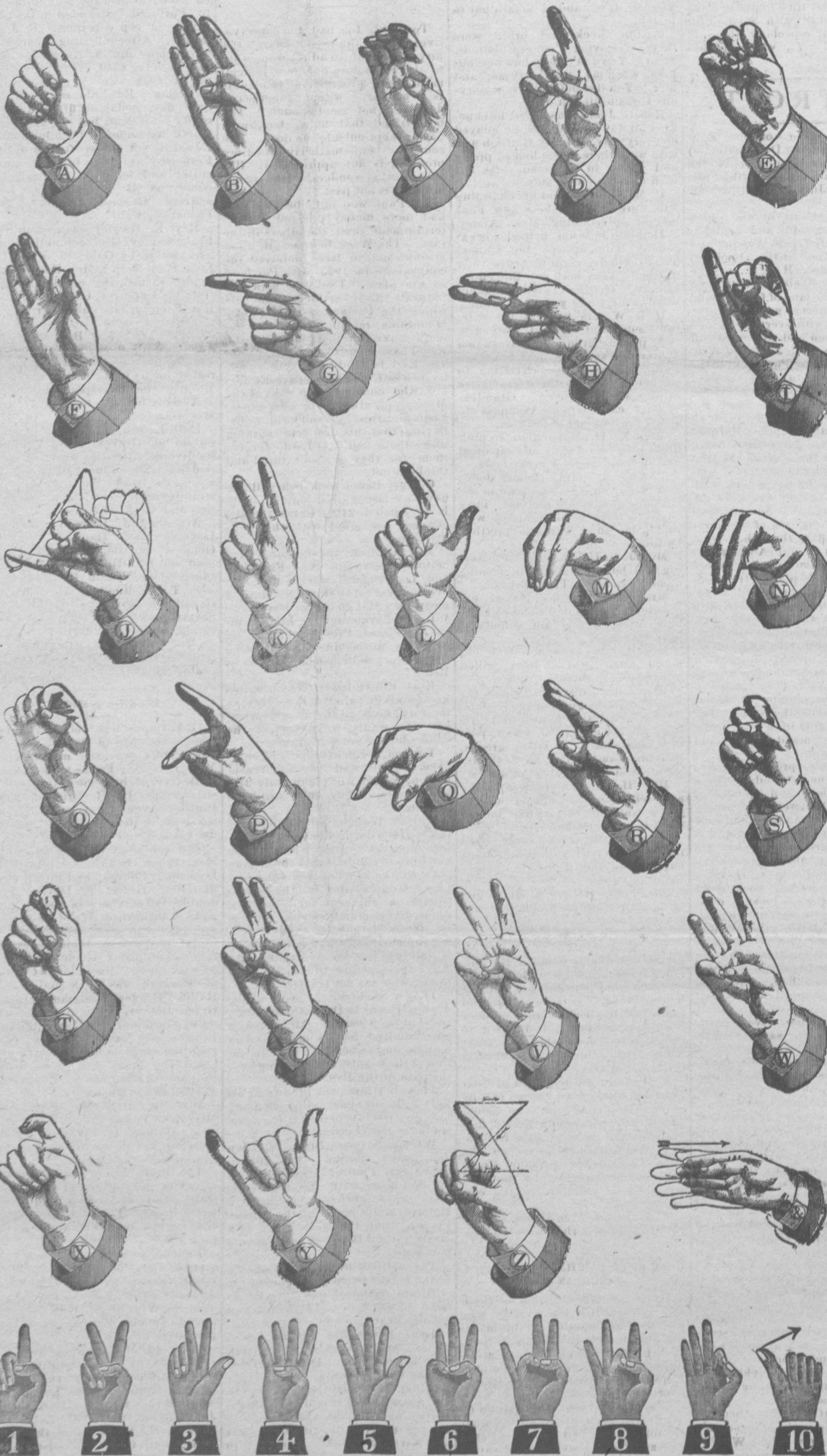
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143 West 125th St., New York City.

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Literary Meetings, Last Saturdays
Club rooms open every day

Join the N. A. D. Boost a good cause!

First Congregational Church

Ninth and Hope, Los Angeles, Cal.

Deaf-mute service, 3 P.M., under the leadership of Mr. J. A. Kennedy. Visiting deaf-mutes are welcome.

Ephphatha Mission for the Deaf

St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral Parish House,
523 S. Olive St., Los Angeles.
Rev. Clarence E. Webb, Missionary-in-charge.
Mrs. Alice M. Andrews, Parish Visitor.

SERVICES.

Evening Prayer and Sermon, every Sunday, 8:00 P.M.
Holy Communion and Sermon, last Sunday in each month, 8:00 P.M.
Social Center every Wednesday at 8 P.M.
ALL THE DEAF CORDIALLY INVITED.